

Creator of all things, true source

of light and wisdom, origin of

all being, graciously let a ray of

your light penetrate the darkness

of my understanding. Take from

me the double darkness in which

I have been born, an obscurity

of sin and ignorance. Give me a

keen understanding, a retentive

memory, and the ability to grasp

things correctly and

fundamentally. Grant me the

talent of being exact in my

explanations and the ability to

express myself with thoroughness

and charm. Point out the

beginning, direct the progress,

and help in the completion.

I ask this through Christ our

Lord. Amen.

16 Let the word of Christ dwell in

you richly, teaching and

admonishing one another in all

wisdom, singing psalms and

hymns and spiritual songs,

with thankfulness in your hearts

to God. 17 And whatever you do,

in word or deed, do everything in

the name of the Lord Jesus,

giving thanks to God the Father

through him.

Oh, childhood, oh glorious

dream-filled time,

When the world was sunny

and hopeful and kind!

How often while miserable,

lonely with grime

When I'm drinking I do so in

order to find

A way back to the wonderful

kingdom of dreams,

Full of palaces, castles and glory,

Where each of my friends is a

beacon who beams

And where wild nymphets

dance oh so freely.

No obstacles to my happiness

stand,

No blockage to travelling free. -

What matter the limits today

in this land?

No, my childhood comes back

to me. -

I'm tired and I wish once

again to reside

In that town,

in the heather to sleep.

To dream of chambers golden

and wide,

And eternal youth ever to keep.

Oh, let me now slumber as sunset

draws nigh

Once more as in days of my

youth!

Oh, sing now, thou fir tree,

oh thrush now do sigh,

For I am once more just the

child of my truth. -

I then lean my head against

a tree in the glen,

Release fear and fight from my

chest.

Oh, murmur thou birches,

oh whisper amen -

And sing me to eternal rest.

I am tired, I am dulled by the

factory,

I would go to my home in

brown earth,

to my cabin by the Blodsten bog,

to the peace of the coves of my

birth.

I would live on bread and

water,

if only I could soon exchange

the city lights and hubub for the

night

where the peaceful hours range.

I wish my way to the dale at

Pajso,

to the grassy bog at So,

where the dark green depths of the

forest

round the mossy fields do grow,

where the sedge grass stands in the

meadow

where the springs purl white as

milk

and the roots of the flora are

woven

into fabric as fine as silk.

I long for the valley at Kango

where red heather adorns the earth

and its flames burn in silent

resistance

to the threat of autumnal death-

where the lovely, spritely butterflies

hover on dust-covered wings

and the bumblebee laden with

pollen

to the plants does firmly cling.

I wish to be back with poor

people

who live by the sweat of their

brow,

who labor in summer and battle

cold and misery in winter like

now . -

I wish to be back where the clouds

skim

through the sky where the stars

also shine

and where wilderness rivers gush

at whim

keeping time with these new songs

of mine.